The Morning

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/6698551.

Rating:	Not Rated
Archive Warning:	Creator Chose Not To Use Archive Warnings
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), hannigram - Fandom
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham & Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Oneshot, Hannigram - Freeform, Post-Episode: s03e13 The Wrath of the Lamb, Boys Kissing, Hannibal and Will are insanely gay, Fluff, Mpreg, Smut, Porn With Plot, Porn with Feelings, Morning Sex, Hand Jobs, Anal Fingering, Angst, Will is an emotional bab, Hannibal to the Rescue, Anal Sex, More Fluff, Domestic Fluff, Pregnant Sex
Language:	English
Series:	Part 2 of The Perks of Cliff Jumping: Side Stories
Stats:	Published: 2016-04-30 Words: 3,413 Chapters: 1/1

The Morning

by CheekysMagic

Summary

Based after the fall, Will and Hannibal have established a functional life together and decide that domesticity is part of that.

Apparently being domestic also means having morning sex.

Shared storyline from 'To Lose You' and 'Intimacy, Is Only The Beginning'

Notes

So this is a oneshot that I wrote because I couldn't resist not having a lovely fluffy fic with a lil bit of angst than a heavily angsty fic.

Also Will being pregnant gives me life.

This is based after 'Intimacy, Is Only The Beginning' but based before 'To Lose You'

Kudos and comments are always appreciated <3

See the end of the work for more notes

Will blinked rapidly, his hands reaching up to rub at his eyes as he felt the sting of sunlight peeking into the room from the gaps in the curtains. He sighed, feeling frustrated since he was hoping to lie in that morning, but thanks to the persistence of the sun, he was wide awake.

He turned onto his side and smiled when he saw that Hannibal was still asleep beside him, he shifted closer to him and rested his palm flat on his chest, feeling his heartbeat thudding under his fingertips.

His eyes fell shut, almost entranced by the calming rhythm that came from the consistence pace of beating heart. It reminded Will that they were still alive, that every nightmare was just in his head and that when he woke, everything remained the same.

God how he wished those nightmares would stop, they were becoming frequent now.

Will shifted his hand away slightly when he felt Hannibal stir beneath his touch, his eyes flickering towards the older man's face to see his mouth curl into a smile and for his soft brown eyes to open. Hazy with sleep but immediately lighting up once they saw his significant other.

"Morning Will" Hannibal muttered gruffly, voice yet to be warmed up as he was still half-asleep. The other man smiled at him, stretching out his arms like a cat before deciding to curl up beside him since he was happy to see him awake.

Hannibal lazily ran his hands through Will's curls, attempting to pull himself out of his barely conscious state since he liked having mornings like this with Will.

When they woke too early, they could just lie there for hours in each other's company and appreciate the time they could share with each other before they had to get up and go to work.

"How is Abigail?" The older man asked, a yawn following his question as he put his hand up to his mouth and then stretched afterwards.

Will rubbed his eyes and looked up at Hannibal before glancing down at his stomach and placing a hand on the small bump that sat beneath the baggy material of his shirt. "She's asleep still, haven't felt her stir"

His husband hummed in response, pressing his lips against Will's forehead and closing his eyes as he inhaled his scent. Still the same as it had always been. A mixture of pine, nasty aftershave and dogs.

"Why must you insist on smelling me so much?" Will queried, a joke in his question though seriousness underlying it. Hannibal just snorted, kissing the top of his head and sitting up slightly in their bed.

"Why must you insist on asking me about my habits when you already know the answer?"

The younger man pouted at him and then turned onto his back, shrugging his shoulders. “I guess I just haven’t found myself getting used to you yet Hannibal. You are quite weird; you do realise that right?”

Hannibal lips curled into a grin and he shook his head, chuckling softly at his husband before going back to absently playing with Will’s curls.

“No offence Will, but you’re not exactly normal either” This made Will roll his eyes, chewing on his lower lip as he tried to hold back from saying something else that would offend Hannibal.

They sat in a few more minutes of silence. During that time, Will had time to think where he wanted this morning to go.

He could encourage himself to fall back to sleep and hope that Hannibal would join him. He could get up and go and make him and Hannibal a breakfast that wouldn’t amount to his husband’s standards at all. Or he could try and mess around with Hannibal before Abigail woke up.

Will decided that the third option was probably the best, his dreams had been mainly consistent of Hannibal last night and as a result, he was standing half-mast in his boxers.

Turning onto his side again, Will nuzzled into Hannibal’s side and chastely kissed the side of his neck. He could feel that Hannibal had already started to fall asleep again so he hoped he’d be able to rouse him out of that by getting him horny.

His hand trailed downwards, over the fur of his chest and the tone of his stomach and then stopping over the waistband of Hannibal’s pyjama pants. Will played with it slightly, feeling Hannibal’s breathing peak slightly and then shudder when his hand slipped beneath the material.

“What are you playing at, Will Graham?”

Hannibal watched the younger man as he sat up in their bed and then climbed on top of him. A hefty effort for a man who was currently six months pregnant. He tried to hold back a giggle when Will had to take a breather because damn Abigail was heavier than he’d expected her to be.

Will leant down and pressed soft little kisses all over Hannibal’s face, the older man smiling as he appreciated the sweet gesture from his husband. “Is someone wanting sex?” Hannibal asked bluntly, nearly laughing when he watched Will enthusiastically nod his head like an excited toddler.

“You do realise that in little over an hour, I will have to get up and get ready for work and I can’t really afford to pass out again just because you want me to satisfy you” Will again pouted at him and ran his hands through Hannibal’s hair, a flirtatious gesture that he knew Hannibal couldn’t resist.

“Please? I’m a very pregnant, hormonal man whose libido has been getting gradually worse as his pregnancy progresses. I think it’s your duty as a doctor to treat me, I need fifty stats of having my brains fucked out of my skull pronto”

He honestly couldn’t resist laughing this time, a very hearty and gruff laugh that carried and had Will laughing too as he had also found himself quite funny.

A defeated sigh left Lecter and he ran his hands over Will’s bare thighs, snaking towards his ass which he squeezed harshly and had the younger man squeaking and shaking on top of him.

“Is that a yes then?”

Hannibal rolled his eyes and grinned at him, smacking his ass this time and grabbing a good handful of it before nodding his head. Will couldn’t have looked happier as he leaned in and kissed his husband, the kiss deepening until they found themselves short of breath and had to part.

“If we’ve only got an hour, I’ll go get the lube now. You might as well prepare me straight away” Will was about to climb off him but Hannibal grabbed his wrist, keeping him in his place. “I think we have time for a little bit of foreplay. I noticed you’ve been sporting that erection for a while Will, it would be cruel of me not to give it at least a little bit of attention”

Deciding not to argue since it was in his benefit. Will watched as his husband reached into his boxers and effortlessly pulled out his cock, jerking it slowly at first to get him to full hardness which had Will slapping his hands to his mouth in an attempt to muffle his moans.

It was hard not to feel smug when Hannibal was able to get Will to act like that within the first couple minutes of foreplay but he knew if he vocalised his smugness, he’d get a heavy amount of sass from Will in response so he decided to keep his mouth shut.

“I can tell now what you meant about your libido being worse. You’re practically close to orgasm Will and I haven’t even touched you that much” The older man muttered, referring to the other man’s length which was currently pouring with precum. Hannibal had never seen him so excited before.

But he certainly didn’t have a problem with it.

When he felt like he’d satisfied Will enough, he let him climb off his lap to go get the lube which was in the ensuite bathroom medicine cabinet. But Hannibal furrowed his brows when he heard the sound of Will using the toilet and snorted when he heard him cussing.

“I thought you wanted to make this quick?” Hannibal called from their room, listening to Will bickering about something before he called back, voice irritated. “Abigail is lying on my bladder, I needed to pee. But now I’m slightly regretting it because peeing with a boner is no easy task”

Hannibal rolled his eyes and chuckled to himself as he waited for Will to return, watching him come back with his boxers gone and his face slightly flushed as he tossed the tube of

lubricant onto Hannibal's chest.

"I had to clean up the bathroom. Now let me tell you, cleaning up urine while struggling to bend down because of a heavy weight in your abdomen is a definite mood killer. I would not recommend it"

The older man laughed again and patted his thigh to invite Will to sit back on his lap, watching his plight to climb back onto him reminding him of a mountain climber attempting to ascend Everest. It made him snort and Will glared at him and smacked him in the shoulder.

Hannibal pulled him down to invite him into a makeout, hopefully making him feel a bit better about his situation before. In-between their kisses, he grabbed the lube and popped open the cap as he slicked a couple of his fingers in the substance.

"You ready?" He whispered, breath hot against Will's lips as the man in question closed his eyes and then nodded, feeling his face heating up as he blushed.

Will's breath hitched when he felt the first of Hannibal's fingers brush up against his entrance, they were cold and wet from the lube and it caused him to shiver at the contact.

A strong moan echoed through the room when he felt it pass the wall of muscle and Hannibal penetrated him deeply. It was nothing new to him, but that didn't stop it feeling strange every single time it happened.

It was only a year ago that Will had actually agreed to engage in anal sex. A few years back, he wouldn't have even considered the practice, let alone do it with Hannibal.

Hannibal's forefinger began to move, thrusting carefully in and out of him and grazing against sensitive areas as he dared curl it. Already he was on a search for Will's prostate.

The second finger pressed against his hole and Will accepted it, his moan much louder this time as it stretched and filled him pleasurably. He could feel arousal flooding to his cock the moment the sensation of being full hit him.

While Hannibal prepped him, Will had decided to occupy himself with Hannibal's lips. He never did get tired of kissing that man, he had to admit his talent was imitable and it always made Will worry that it made his kisses look clumsy.

Though Hannibal never did complain, he seemed to enjoy his kisses just as much as he enjoyed Hannibal's.

Will gasp was shrill and his back arched with sudden force, his breaths suddenly shaky and his whole body shivered. His husband grinned, realising that he'd managed to hit his prostate. "Does that feel good?" He whispered, fingers still rubbing against it which had Will groaning hoarsely.

"Y-yes it does.. Fuck yes it does. Shit…" Hannibal tutted, his spare hand brushing Will's curls out of his face as he smiled at him. "Language Will, how many times must I tell you?"

The younger man opened his eyes, glaring at the other man. Though of course it did not last long before he was a crippled wreck when Hannibal rubbed against his sweet spot again.

“Well aren’t you going to apologise?”

It seemed that he wasn’t going to stop his torturous teasing unless he apologised so Will swallowed his pride and lifted his heavy head, face desperate. “I-I’m sorry I swore.. C-can you please stop now Hannibal? If y-you keep that up, I’ll come early”

That seemed to be enough for Hannibal as he slowly removed his fingers and Will felt both a satisfying and disappointing sensation of loss from inside him.

“Are you going to have sex with me now or do I have to endure another torture session of foreplay from you? You sadistic bastard”

Hannibal chuckled, patting his husband’s thighs and then moving his hands upwards to rest on the bulge of Will’s stomach. He pulled his shirt up so he could feel the bare skin, Will finding himself going red in his own shyness of Hannibal touching him so intimately.

“I may be a sadistic bastard, but I can’t deny that the child in your belly will be far from that” Will looked down at his hands and his own joined them, a small sigh passing his lips since he hated it when Hannibal spoke about their child’s future. “She’s our child Hannibal. There’s no telling how she’s going to turn out”

At that moment, out of his own frustration and upset, Will started to cry. Hannibal immediately noticed and he was quick to wipe away his tears from his cheeks with his thumbs.

“I know you’re scared Will. I know you’re scared to procreate but I know that you want a family. Just look, you’re carrying my child. Our child and you should be proud. Don’t focus on passing on our bad traits, focus on how beautiful she’s going to be when she’s born”

A small smile appeared on Will’s face, sniffing loudly as he leaned into Hannibal’s hand which was quick to cup his cheek. “I just want her to be happy…”

Hannibal sat himself up so that Will fell back slightly, he wrapped his arms around him and kissed him tenderly on the lips. “And happy she will be Will. We will bring her up happy and make sure she gets the best in life. I promise you that I will make sure of that”

Will looked up slowly at Hannibal, his blue eyes shimmering in the brightening light of the room as the sun rose higher and higher in the sky outside. They shared another kiss, this time much more passionate.

“Now then, shall we get back to what we were doing?”

The younger man smirked at him, clutching his shoulders since he wanted him to stay sat up. Hannibal cocked his head, but decided not to argue with him. “You want to ride me?

Will you be okay to do that with Abigail?” Will nodded his head, mouthing at Hannibal’s neck and nuzzling into him.

It was satisfying to see him in such a vulnerable state, it was so rare that Will actually fully submitted himself to him.

Hannibal removed his pyjama pants and underwear, allowing Will to do the rest as he reached behind himself and took hold of the older man's length. He tugged at it carefully to get him to full hardness since he had lost his excitement slightly from before.

He positioned himself and Hannibal watched his husband with fascination as he slowly started to seat himself on his cock, his mouth falling open and his breaths beautiful and heavy as he pushed Hannibal deeper and deeper into the luscious tight heat of his ass.

"Sūdas.." Lecter couldn't help but mutter once Will had fully seated himself on him, feeling a punch to his shoulder as he opened his eyes and noticed the smug expression on his lover's face. "Language Hannibal"

It was then that Will began to move, very slow at first since it was very difficult when he was carrying extra weight now but he found that he managed okay. Hannibal was patient with him the entire time, kissing him to help distract Will since he could tell he was in pain.

"Are you going to be alright?" Hannibal asked softly between their kisses, his hands reaching round to hug Will close to his body and stroke his back in a comforting fashion.

Will muttered something incoherent to the older man but he assumed that it meant yes when he felt him increasing in pace. Moving up and down on his cock which had Hannibal's eyes rolling back in his head since it always felt good to have sex with Will.

It was the same situation with the man himself. There was nothing he could really compare than when he was having sex with Hannibal Lecter.

Maybe it was the excitement of sleeping with a man for the first time, maybe it was the acknowledgement that everyone thought they were dead so in a way, it felt forbidden.

Or maybe it was the fact that Hannibal is the only person Will knows he's in love with.

Whatever it was, Will knew that he never could get enough of Hannibal Lecter and his luscious cock.

When Will felt himself beginning to tire, Hannibal changed their positions slightly by lying back against the pillows and pulling the younger man down with him. With his arms wrapped tight around him, he pinned Will against him and began to slam his length into him.

Will cried out in response, his nails clawing into Lecter's shoulders and his teeth biting into the crook of his neck. His whole body was writhing with the sheer pleasure that came with being filled and fucked hard by his husband and he knew for a fact he wasn't going to last much longer.

"H-Hannibal…" He panted, attempting to get his attention to slow down but Hannibal seemed to be in the zone as he continued to plow him. Will was about to try again when his eyes bulged out his skull and he gasped hard.

He'd hit his prostate and not only that, he was doing it again and again and again.

Digging his nails in as deep as he could and his teeth biting hard, Will left crescents and teeth marks in Hannibal's flesh as he drew closer and closer to orgasm. His breathing was heavy and his eyes were rolling back in his head, he was quite nearly in delirium from being fucked so hard.

Hannibal was aware of how close Will was and made it his duty to finish the job. He snapped his hips as hard as he could into his husband, making sure to hit his prostate on every thrust and that's when he felt it. The heat of Will's come on his stomach as he reached his climax.

"HANNIBAL!" Will yelled, throwing his head back and wheezing as his hips shuddered to allow himself to come heavily on himself and Hannibal. He heard the man in question grunting below him, assuming that he'd also reached his orgasm.

He assumption was confirmed the moment he felt the heat of Hannibal's ejaculation inside him, his face burning since he could never get over how embarrassing it felt.

They breathed through their climaxes, Will resting his head on Hannibal's chest while the other man ran his fingers through his sweat-soaked locks. Both them shaking through aftershocks until their bodies stilled.

"I'm quite glad you talked me into that now" Hannibal panted, looking down at Will and chuckling lightly as he saw the smirk that appeared on his husband's face. Will lifted his head and leaned down to kiss Hannibal on the lips, easing himself off his cock and onto his side to avoid getting stuck to him since his come had been drying between them.

"I'm not. Because now I'm going to have to shower again since I went in last night"

They sat in silence before they both started laughing, Hannibal sitting up and shifting to press a chaste kiss to Will's lips. "I love you Will Graham, thank you for having my baby and marrying me"

Will really couldn't help it when he rolled his eyes at Hannibal's cheesy comment, sitting up also and kissing his forehead.

"I love you too Hannibal, but you really have to stop thanking me every single time we have sex"

Again they both laughed and then found themselves lying in silence again, only this time they embraced it. Hannibal decided that an extra ten minutes in bed wouldn't hurt anybody.

He cuddled into Will and kissed him over and over until his eyes felt heavy and so it was inevitable that only minutes later, they were asleep in each other's arms.

End Notes

When Hannibal swears, he's saying 'Fuck' in Lithuanian.

Then again, who can trust Google these days.

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!